

The Evolution of Expression is a method of growth. There can be no evolution without expression; in order to grow, you must express yourself.

Dr. Emerson

The Berkeley Beacon

Founded BY and FOR the Students of Emerson College



VOLUME 1

FEBRUARY 1, 1947, BOSTON, MASS.

NUMBER 1

EMERSON HISTORY MADE

See Page 2, Column 3.

No Strain Here

Well, here we are, one semester past—along with everyone's marks. There were only a couple of worryin' wonders at the half and they seem to have worried the wondering professors into a passing grade.

While the Freshman Theatre Workshop is still in our minds as an excellent production unit, statuettes in form of "Young Lochinvar" (The Emerson Oscar) should be presented to Miss Castano and Mr. McCarthy for fine interpretations of their respective roles. A baby "Lochinvar" should be given to one of the coughers in *The Theatre*, who carried a supposedly empty atomizer with her and courageously sprayed her throat time and time again with Chantilly Houbigant.

Thoughts while putting up hair (girls) . . . my, there's a lot of cute boys running around this place. Do you suppose the one who's giving away all those theatre passes is looking for a date? Could be bribery? (Now dampening the ringlets) . . . I wonder if it's true that Miss Leslie Bidwell is leaving for another school next year? She's awfully nice . . . we'll miss her. (Now tying the kerchief) . . . Kinda like that tune of Jack Raleigh's and the terrific lyrics that Bob Guest pulled out of his deep-channeled mind in three minutes flat!

Thoughts while shaving (boys) . . . Now why haven't I been asked to contribute to that gift that someone is supposed to be getting for Mr. Kenny? . . . Saw an advertisement on the front page of the "Traveler" recently: "Four dogs out of five prefer BOMBO." How on earth do they find out those statistics? (Now rinse blade . . . pull right cheek taut) . . . Isn't it nice to say "good morning" to those nice little girls, Helen McDonald, Sarah Spritzer, and Gwen Gates?

Ah! This changing world! An interesting comparison is drawn from the 1911

(Continued on Page 4, Column 2)



JANIS PAIGE

Star Visits College Advocates Knowledge

Lovely Janis Paige, "Of Human Bondage" fame, and currently starring in the Warner Bros. production, "The Time, The Place, and The Girl," honored Emerson College recently with a visit during her first trip East. Miss Paige told us she had heard of Emerson on the West coast and expressed an intense interest in the activities here, especially in relation to dramatics. She was of the opinion that the training received here was invaluable to the stage aspirant and advocates strongly a full background before attempting to break into the field. By those who met her, Miss Bidwell, Drama Instructor, and a group of Seniors, she was described as most charming and as the above photo will testify, very beautiful.

ATTENTION!

Beginning next issue there will be a "Letters to the Editor" column. All students are invited to contribute.

President Green Sends Letter to the

Editor of THE BERKELEY BEACON

Dear Mr. Mundt,

Certainly no member of Emerson College welcomes the establishment of a newspaper more than I. With its ability to feel the pulse of the community life from day to day, a college newspaper is the most valuable means possible of solidifying student opinion, of interpreting the varied facets of college life, and of establishing and fostering college spirit.

The editorial policy of a college newspaper is usually a simple one. Its whole purpose is to anatomize and vitalize the spirit that makes the college what it is. Fearlessly, courageously and consistently it must point out the faults in any existing situation. And even more importantly it must make constructive suggestions. For our paper the eternal theme must be Emerson, Emerson, Emerson. No part of our institutional life lies beyond its proper sphere of condemnation or commendation. Students and faculty alike will look to it for judgment and direction. Its editorial page, with space allotted for the printing of letters from contributors, will guarantee freedom of speech, and will become an anvil upon which loyal Emersonians can forge and formulate the ideas and ideals that will direct the thinking and actions of the men and women of the college.

With the present enthusiastic staff, I have little doubt as to the bright future of THE BERKELEY BEACON. To the editor and staff and to their successors, I pledge the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of the faculty and of the administration.

Cordially yours,
BOYLSTON GREEN, President

The Berkeley Beacon

Founded February 1, 1947, as a bi-monthly newspaper of Emerson College, owned and controlled by the student body.

Editor in Chief Paul F. Mundt
Managing Editor Rita Dorfman
Supplement Editor Mary Entrekin
Chief Reporter Murray Dann
Business Manager Don Roberts
Promotion Manager Ted Chandler

Departmental Heads

Joe Cimorelli, Faculty; Bob Guest, Literary; Leland McInnis, Personalities; Gloria Greenstien, Soc. & Gen. News; Gene Barber & Malcolm White, Drama; Norman Tulin & Ray Alexander, Radio; Bob Axelby, Student; Bill Monroe, Veterans; Russell Whaley, Alumni; Pola Chasman, Clubs; Mary Howes, Official; Mary Hill & George Markham, Supplement; Don Jones & Joan Kessler, Artists.

EDITORIAL

Traditionally, editorials are fiery words hastily written with the sole purpose of fostering public opinion. In the future we may attempt launching upon this standard method of instigating riot or reform but at present we wish to take advantage of this particular issue in passing out some well deserved laurels.

It goes without saying that had it not been for the aid of numerous students, and we refer in particular to our Staff Reporters, our scope of news coverage and its variety of content would be practically nil. Without the sincere aid of these time sacrificing individuals, THE BERKELEY BEACON could definitely not be presented as a worthwhile student newspaper.

Aside from a most cooperative student body, we have encountered substantial aid from many of our faculty personnel. Dr. Green himself, for example, gave our paper its name. Mr. Connor's advice was invaluable since he is editor of the "Alumni News Bulletin." Mrs. Standish, it will be acclaimed, has aided immeasurably the supplement section of our newspaper. Finally, the very existence of THE BERKELEY BEACON is aided greatly by the knowledge imparted by our journalism instructor, Mr. Norton.

To these people, to the students who helped found, promote, and realize a newspaper by the students and for the students of Emerson College, we extend a heartfelt "Thanks!"

Society

by MARY BOUDAKIAN

The sun burns a fiery hole in the horizon.
A faint breeze stirs the pasture grass,
As twenty horns point homeward.
And switching birch in hand,
The gingham girl runs toward them shouting.
They move together shunning me,
I am the purple cow.

On The Side

It will be a long time before any of us will forget the impressive Chapel service of Thursday, December 19, 1946. The services were held in the chapel of the Emanuel Church. The Emerson College choir sang a selected program of Christmas carols, with solos by Doris Hartley, Roderick Ormandy, Duane Fitts, and Lloyd Sherman.

With a sparkling diamond ring from Jim on her left hand, a couple of enormous suitcases in tow, and a pert little hat on her head, Oleta Kirk boarded a plane headed for Havana, Cuba, on December 20th to visit Father. Her little jaunt to Cuba was not extraordinary for Oleta, who has led a migratory and interesting life. At one time or another, she has been able to call Tampico, Mexico, her home, as well as other places such as Istanbul and Ankara, Turkey, and Port au Prince, Haiti.

Yes, girls, you too can join the Sparklers Club. Admission requirement: one sparkling engagement ring on your left hand. Members of this little aggregation consist of: Larry Rosenstatt, Joyce Davenport, Judy Britton, Betsy Adams, Phyllis Herman, Eleanor Ziff, Oleta Kirk, and Helen Chaiken. Who will be the next member?

Have you imagined yourself lately as looking pale, wan, or a trifle anemic? If so, put your cares away, fellow Emersonian, you have probably been comparing your lily-white complexions to those of that tanned trio of lucky people who spent their vacation in Florida, Don Roberts, Claire Greenbaum and Joan Peyser, that is. While most of you were shoveling the snow off the front walk, Don, Claire and Joan were soaking in that warm Florida sunshine. As you bundled up warm in your boots, mufflers and overcoats, they changed into a dry swim suit to build sand castles on the beach. And so my friends, the next time you bewail your "no'th'n" pallor as you compare it to that "s'uth'n" tan — remember — there's no place like New England.

—GLORIA

Advertising Rates of BERKELEY BEACON

\$ 2.00 per column inch
15.00 ¼ page; 8 columns
28.00 ½ page; 15 columns
55.00 full page spread

Contact George Markham
Advertising Manager

COME ONE! COME ALL! FRESHMAN RECORD HOP

February 8, 1947

Dancing! Fun! Refreshments!
Eve. In the Theater 75c

Students Vote Activity Fee

In a crowded meeting of the Student Body in the Theater, Thursday, Jan. 9, 1947, a radically new procedure for the collection of money for student activities was voted upon. No longer will students be plagued by treasurers, circulation managers and/or consciences. In fact, the former G.I. employees of the Army, Navy, Seabee and Marine Corps can now pin these expenses on the Veterans' Administration, where before they drew from their subsistence allowances. However, the vets are cautioned that in so doing, they will push their college fees over \$500 with the result that time will be deducted.

Starting September, 1947, a lump sum, to be known as the Student Activities Fee, will be collected with tuition. The sum, amounting to \$7.50 per semester, will be distributed in the following manner:

Class dues	\$3.00
Student Gov't	1.00
Berkeley Beacon	1.50
Yearbook	2.00

As outlined, the plan would seem to be the most painless method yet devised for raising the funds necessary to keep the student body of Emerson, or any other school, on a solvent, prosperous basis.

The overwhelming character of the favorable vote, as well as the enthusiasm shown for the plan by those who guide the school's destinies, indicate the worth of the idea. Dr. Green has stated, "This action, I think, is the greatest single step forward in developing a full and satisfying program of student activities that I have known since becoming a member of the college."

Significantly, the plan is not original with Emerson. Other schools have tried it and found it to be a most popular success. The students of Emerson College may now feel their status in common with the majority of educational institutions throughout the nation.

TRY THIS:

Multiply your age by 2 and add 5 to the result; multiply by 50; add the change in your pocket if less than one dollar; subtract the number of days in the year—365; add 115 for good measure. The two left-hand figures will show your age, the two right-hand figures will show the change in your pocket.

October

by EUGENE G. BARBER

All nature listless —
As tho' the yawn
Of waking life,
Outlived the dawn.
The milkweed scatters —
October's gone.

DRAMA

?? Hollywood In 1947 ??

This is the season when the past year in moving pictures is summed up and evaluated. Critics agree that 1946 witnessed a decline in the traditional pre-eminence of Hollywood and, for the first time, foreign importations replaced the local products on annual lists of the 10 Best Pictures of the Year.

High on all the lists of Best Pictures was the British "Henry V," an impressive and spectacular film which "out-Cecil-ed" DeMille and yet did not allow itself to become submerged by spectacle at the expense of story and acting. At the other extreme was the simple and touching "Brief Encounter," adapted from a Noel Coward one-act play. From France the outstanding productions were: "It Happened at the Inn" and "The Well Digger's Daughter." From Italy we received the stark and gripping "Open City."

Not all the output of the Hollywood mills has been chaff. "Walk in the Sun" was a moving and intensely realistic war drama, but the only one to date with any pretensions to honesty. However, the popularity of adult dramas from Europe should prove to Hollywood that there is an audience for plays appealing to a mentality above that of a demented twelve-year-old child and that elaborate production numbers, with the Albertina Rasch Ballet, will not save a hopelessly hackneyed plot.

Perhaps Hollywood will abandon any more pseudo-scientific flights into the field of abnormal psychology and concentrate on making honest, mature films on a somewhat higher intellectual level than the ubiquitous soap box opera of the radio. Granting the truth of the oft-repeated fact that the intelligence of the average audience is that of a twelve-year-old child, maybe Hollywood will soon present something for that erudite minority who have reached the staggering mental development of sixteen years of age!

And Here At Home

The initial public performance by the Freshman Theatre Workshop, of six one-act plays at the Band Box Theatre on January 14 under the direction of Miss Leslie S. Bidwell, was presented in the morning and again in the evening to a capacity audience. The plays, which were done in Arena style, included two original works: "The Spell" by Eugene C. Barber, and "Local Color" by Robert J. Guest. All six plays given covered a wide and diversified range of subjects and highest praises are due Miss Leslie Bidwell and the entire Freshman Theatre Workshop for the outstanding quality of their first public productions.



BOB J. GUEST

Student Spotlight

As Bob Guest is a person who obviously dislikes staying in one place for more than five minutes, we felt ourselves fortunate in being able to buttonhole him for a couple of hours the other evening in the Lincolnshire. At first he seemed a little wary of the questions being asked, but, somewhere around the third round of strawberry phosphates, he warmed up to the subject. It was, in fact, with difficulty that we finally shut him up.

Robert J. (for Joseph) Guest was born at an early age in the delivery room of St. Elizabeth's Hospital here in town (and not, as was erroneously reported, backstage of the Emerson Playhouse). He has been told this occurred on March 14, 1924. Having attended grammar school in Cambridge, he entered the first year of high school in that venerable neighborhood, attired in what also turned out to be his first pair of long trousers. Although admittedly bad in math, he blushes to tell that he flunked Math III, due to a disagreement with his instructor on whether it was possible to split an atom. Wondering to ourselves what a high school junior could be doing messing around with atoms, and deciding that anything is apparently possible in Cambridge, we changed the subject.

At present he is a little vague concerning what he will do upon quitting Emerson, but whatever this is, he intends to have fun doing it. However, he is certain that he will work in the field of music, literature, or the theater.

Bob's interest in music was accelerated five years ago when the USO discovered he was a handy man to have around when it came to writing a new tune. He wrote songs, skits, and reviews which were aired by the USO, the American Theater Wing, and various and sundry organizations too numerous to mention here.

For a short while, during the war, he

RADIO

IBS Inaugurated

"Good morning, this is Station WECB . . ." These words spoken by Mr. Lynn Toney to an audience of students in the "Coke Room" and dormitories will officially open the affiliated Intercollegiate Broadcasting System station at Emerson College. The Time: 6 P.M. The Date: Tuesday, February 4, 1947. Located on the second floor of the main building, WECB will operate from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. every Tuesday and Wednesday.

The assigned frequency of WECB is of 950 kilocycles and will bring to its collegiate audience a variety of programs, ranging from the classical to swing in music and from Shakespeare to an occasional "soap box opera" in drama.

Something unique in IBS is the fact that, because ordinary radio licenses are unnecessary, the student is in complete control, adhering only to the regulations set forth in the IBS Broadcasting Code. Under such an arrangement, with equipment similar to that used at professionally standard stations, students will gain experience in the many important fields of radio—dramatic, musical, literary, technical, executive—all adding to necessary background for later positions. In addition, it should be understood that IBS is run on a strictly commercial basis, thus giving students valuable experience in the field of "time" salesmanship.

The program schedule of WECB will offer weekly discussions by teachers and students about courses here at the school. Such discussions will prove invaluable to those of us seeking enlightenment in the intricacies of Social Science, English Composition, and any other course that presents the student with difficulty in study and practice.

Heading the list of present IBS personnel are Lynn Toney, Station Manager; Loyd Sherman, Program Manager; Mort Hoffman, Production Manager; Ed Lieberthal, Continuity; Ernie Roy, Public Relations; and Sally Carlton, Traffic Manager. Also included are a staff of top-notch announcers, all relying upon an excellent technical crew.

With a well-rounded program and an initiation under the experience of Messrs. Dudley and Toney, IBS station of Emerson College will fare well.

found himself in the Engineering Corps. However, after too implicitly following Ernest Hemingway's descriptions of bridge design, he soon found himself back at Emerson.

As far as literature goes, he has never, to our knowledge at least, had anything published. But this doesn't mean he isn't in there punching, with short stories, poems, and an occasional one-act play. He confesses (tho' not within the hear-

(Continued on Page 4, Column 1)

Student Spotlight (Continued)

ing of Mrs. Standish) an intense dislike for Marcel Proust and Poe.

Though he looks like a needle without thread, he says he likes to eat. This would seem to include most anything, especially eclairs (frozen or straight, that is), yet he considers a pizza too suspicious-looking to be edible.

He has a major passion for Tallulah Bankhead, and a minor one for Bugs Bunny.

When questioned about his virtues, he remained surprisingly uncertain. Yet, paradoxically enough, the only fault that he could think of off-hand was that of keeping library books until they were overdue. With something amounting to incredulity written all over our faces, we slowly walked away, as he fondly scooped out the remaining foam of his sixth phosphate, this time a mocha.



MR. SHAW

MEET THE FACULTY

It is our aim, through the facilities of this column, to introduce you, the student body, to your faculty. For our first edition we have selected an amiable personality, Mr. Shaw, instructor of speech and psychology.

Although born a farm boy in Canada, Mr. Shaw spent most of his youth in the state of Washington. Upon graduating from high school, he entered the University of Washington where he spent two years gathering together much of his college academics. In 1922 he transferred to Emerson, majoring in Speech and in 1924 was granted his AB degree. Two years later he acquired his degree of Master of Education at Boston University. But this was by no means the finale to his educational career, for he studied further at the University of Toronto, the University of Iowa, and the Southern Methodist University, acquiring advanced standing in academics, speech, philosophy, and psychology.

Returning to Washington, Mr. Shaw began teaching speech professionally in Everett and Seattle. He soon accepted a position as Director of the Speech Dept. of Texas State College for women. In 1932 he came back to Emerson and has been with us ever since.

However, educational pursuits, both learning and teaching, have not made the entirety of his life. He enjoys golfing, a good book, and particularly, the seclusion of his small New Hampshire farm. Here, his pet pastime, during the summer months, is experimenting in horticulture. Like everything else, gardening too has its problems. The one confronting Mr. Shaw every season is the cabbage worm which he is determined to get. Perhaps someone can help him. In closing, we hope you now feel better acquainted with Mr. Shaw, his learning, his teachings, his personality, and his cabbage worm.

Rap of the Gavel

Our first meeting opens with three raps of the gavel as president Judy Britton, vice-president Joey Portong, and secretary-treasurer Rita Strassburger prepare to open the nineteen-forty-seven sessions of the International Relations Club.

The aim of the I.R.C. is to instill in its members a political awareness that will promote permanent peace. One of the oldest national clubs in America, and supported by the Carnegie Endowment Fund, the I.R.C. is democratic in its non-partisan policy, and stimulating in its thesis for World Peace.

Previously this club was limited to fifteen, each having a scholastic average of "B." Now, however, any one may enter provided they come to at least three meetings and take an active part in the discussion. After being voted in and having paid the one-dollar-per-year dues, they become members in good standing.

At the meeting on the first Thursday of the second semester, the topic *World Peace* will be discussed. It has been planned that one member will take charge of two programs. This will include procuring a speaker and acting as chairman for the panel discussions that usually follow. (Note: It is hoped that Dr. McKinlay will speak to I.R.C. in the near future.)

No Strain (Continued)

and 1941 issues of the Emerson year book. The summarizing epigrams that accompany the graduation pictures of the class vice-presidents of each year: 1911—"So didst thou travel on life's weary way in cheerful Godliness." . . . 1941—She's a gorgeous blonde!

Open the door, Richard! We're leavin'!

—MAC

ALUMNI NEWS

Within the pages of each edition of *THE BERKELEY BEACON* a column will be devoted exclusively to the alumni of Emerson. Through this column, Emersonians of other years will be able to establish contacts and share experiences with their classmates and with the students of today.

Maybe there is an old friend and classmate with whom you have lost contact, if so, drop us a note and let us help you get together again.

Address all correspondence to:

ALUMNI EDITOR

Box No. 17

EMERSON COLLEGE

Where are you and what have you been doing? Let us hear from you!

Calling All Veterans

State Bonus Hopes Bloom Anew: Legislatures of 44 states will convene this month in regular session, and new laws, benefits, and privileges for veterans will begin blooming. The majority of vets will be interested in whether or not they get a state bonus for this reason: Vermont, N. H., Mass., R. I., Michigan, and Illinois have already voted bonuses. But in the remaining 38 states the bonus question is wide open. In addition, the bonus question is by no means the only legislative issue. Housing, tax exemptions, job rights, state loans, welfare and even state versions of the G.I. Bill will be on the agenda.

Veteran's Job Preference: Many critics have attacked the Government's civil service laws. They—the critics—have conceded that all vets are not incompetent, yet they state that the present system allows the incompetent vet to enter civil service positions along with the competent vet. In other words, veterans, these critics don't want you in office. Actually, here's the picture: Civil service figures show that in 1946 only 39% of Federal employed personnel were veterans. Also, as many veterans were discharged as were hired. So, dear readers, it's not that discharge paper but the veteran's job performance that has been the criterion of Federal employment. Disabled veterans have a special claim and who can be base enough to begrudge them their 10 point allowance on entrance examinations and job priority. Suffice to say, the vet who served in World War II can assuredly cope with post-war service.

Odds and Ends: Non-service ills can now be given out-patient care in Veterans' Administration hospitals. If you are one of those who need medical attention report to your nearest V.A. (It might do you good.) Gen. Omar Bradley, administrator of Veterans' Affairs, has offered Yule greetings to all vets and we quote: "Because Christmas is a time for peace, it belongs more to you than any of us." Thank you, General.

Screen World

by MALCOLM PLACE WHITE

The moving picture industry has grown into a fantastic, extravagant and ridiculous empire. The technical development has been rapid and the potentialities of the films are boundless. Unfortunately, there seems to have been an artistic retrogression to balance the mechanical progress with the result that Hollywood is surfeiting us with emasculated, moronic fare, redeemed every now and then by a genuinely entertaining film, thereby encouraging us to hope that eventually this long designated "infant art form" will pass through its painful adolescence to reach a productive maturity.

Every conceivable form of idiocy is utilized in the promotion of Hollywood's celluloid products from Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra clubs, composed of our mentally deficient, to the cloying, journalistic clap-trap of Louella Parsons and her saccharine rivals in the field of starry-eyed adulation who harrow us with the untold tale of poor, misunderstood Desire d'Amour who is bravely struggling to find happiness with her seventh husband, whose Mexican divorce from a calculating Park Avenue heiress is not yet final. The soul-searing pathos of these pitiful tales is somewhat mitigated by the fact that when the story appears on the news-stands the gallant Desire is usually seeking greener pastures despite the secret sorrows shadowing her life—sorrows which she will breathe to no one but Louella and the world at large.

Hollywood is governed by a strict and inflexible moral code, which differs radically from the old theory that "Art may use any theme it likes so long as it does not lie about life." Hollywood lies about life consistently, shuns realism and maturity while it gleefully embraces vulgarity. The Hollywood code frowns on depicting such characters as Sadie Thompson and her sisters in sin, thereby eliminating a most interesting and productive dramatic field. However, many actresses make a practice of playing Pollyanna or Mary Todd Lincoln in a coarse and suggestive way which would bring a blush to the cheek of Somerset Maugham's shady lady. Although it may be obvious to a precocious child of ten that the heroine of the cinematic romance would grace "The oldest profession in the world"



MALCOLM PLACE WHITE

you may safely relax. Hollywood deplores adultery—on the screen—and carefully avoids any realistic intimations.

I am hardly qualified to discuss recent Hollywood offerings since I have seen but a few. I find I miss the critical comments which punctuated the showing for films overseas. There were critics in the armed forces to put Brooks Atkinson and George Jean Nathan to shame, and the main delight in going to the movies lay in hearing the voluble criticisms, often reaching ecstatic heights of alliterative obscenity. If Joan Crawford had heard certain, scathing critiques passed on the scene in "Hollywood Canteen," where a battle scarred veteran of the Southwest Pacific swoons in her arms when he recognizes his dancing partner as the glamour-drenched wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Franchot Tone and Phil Terry . . . oh, well, let Joan cast her thyroid stare on the Oscar for her monumental performance in "Mildred Pierce" and be content.

It is a temptation to be facetious in discussing Hollywood with its flagrant bad taste, pretentious tawdriness and trashy formula pictures, but occasionally a really beautiful and stirring production emanates from that "Never-Never" land which justifies all the most glowing words of their adjective-drunk publicity department.

WATCH FOR
THE SUPPLEMENT
ON THE FIRST
OF EVERY MONTH

Book Worm Turns

bob guest

A Star Chuckled . . .

I think that phrase describes him perfectly. He wrote it and like all of the words he put down, it is Woolcott speaking. Four years ago this January he died of a heart attack. On the night he died, he appeared on a radio broadcast. On the night he died, he was preparing a new volume of his pieces for publication. On the night he died, people were laughing at "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

He was not a great man, this Alexander Woolcott. Figuratively, if you will pardon a pun, he was substance and not a shadow. Literally, your pardon again, he was shadow and not substance. He was a sentimentalist, an egotist, a fickle Boswell. He reaches out of the pages of "Long, Long Ago," and "While Rome Burns," places his arm about you and draws you into a comfortable corner to gossip for a while. He entertains you, startles you, and even makes you cry but he can't inspire you. He doesn't try.

If you doubt me ask him to tell you about Cosette, the most desirable woman in France or as he calls her the "distributed Dubarry." He'll entertain you with this story and be sure to admire the title he gives to it, "Entrance Fee." The plot is not original nor the characters. It will never be banned or filmed (the ultimate aims of contemporary literature) and yet it is a minor classic.

Get him to introduce you to Dorothy Parker or Mrs. Bennett who answered a comment her husband made on her bridge playing by four gun shots. Let Mr. Woolcott tell you of his heart's desire to hear an Emilia at the end of "Othello" race through the castle crying, "L'amour has kill'd my mistress." See him cringe at the "hamming" of "East Lynne" and wishing to cry out "Stop! She's somebody's mother." Listen to his comments on Werfel's "Goat Song" and agree, as I do, or disagree that it is a most wonderful play.

When Woolcott is speaking, a man with a not too high intellectual taste is speaking; a man with zest for life is speaking; a neighbor is gossiping over a chintz covered back fence. Maybe he did die four years ago this January. I still will listen to him morning, noon, or night.

Commuter's Blues

by TED CHANDLER

The newsboy hands me my Traveler and
two cents change;
I descend the steps into the subway,
Remarking on the front page, the latest
antics of John L. Lewis:
Change a quarter at the booth,
Then careen down the long saliva-
smelling corridor to the platform.
The giant gaudy orange-yellow Juggernauts
marked
Reservoir-Beacon;
Lake St.-Commonwealth;
Jamaica-Arborway,
Rattle-roar into the station,
Vomit their passengers,
Swallow up more
And depart into the gloom toward
Copley.
I am seated now—
Seated near the back of a drafty, orange-
yellow Juggernaut
Labelled Watertown.
Seated and identified,
Identified as a passenger headed toward
Watertown.
The Boston Elevated Railway, in consid-
eration for my ten-cents
Has contracted to haul me in the general
direction of Watertown.
Has contracted to take me toward my
home.
Just after Kenmore, we leave the subway.
After interminable minutes of rattling,
Braves Field shivers by;
The huge green light towers
Throwing a challenge to the early winter
evening.
(A hurt, half intended challenge—the
lights are out—
The ball players are in California or
Florida)
The hated gaudy orange-yellow street car
is my link;
My bond between work and home.
The scenes I witness from the window
(Window which allows the cold to seep
in at the sides)
These scenes are commonplace—
Bits of rust on the link that binds my
work and my home.
The car jerks to a grinding stop.
Harvard Avenue, and the great Neon fish
Swimming across the black enamel sea
To lure customers to Sutton's Bar and
Grille.
School-girls, conscious of the eyes of men,
giggle over some private matter
The doors close,
The Juggernaut moves on.
"Let us go then, you and I."
But I am on the street car,
And my seat-mate eyes me with a
drunken leer
As if I were completely mad.
T.S. Eliot is out of place on the Boston
Elevated Railway.
I turn again to the Traveler.

Bob Elliot will hit well next year, I learn.
The Red Sox will play night baseball.
And the Bruins are taken to task for
losing games of hockey.

The car pauses by St. Elizabeth's Hospital
And darts to the right into Brighton
Centre.

Again the brakes are squeakingly applied,
Again the street car stops.
School-boys apprise the passengers of
their presence with loud laughter.
The doors close,
The car moves on.

I turn the page again.
The lead editorial screams at me about
Labor
(Something Must Be Done About It!)
David Lawrence, in a carefully modulated
voice, excoriates the Wagner Act
(Something must be done about it!)

Drew Pearson denounces Lewis
(Something must be done about him!)
I stifle a yawn, close the Traveler,
Fold it carefully,
And glance out of the window.

Oak Square

The doors open—the car is now half
empty.

The doors close.

Newton Corner is next—Newton Corner
I button my overcoat, and waver toward
the door;

It is dark now.

The dark has come upon me quickly.
I feel vaguely—(How should I express
it?)

Unprepared — unready to cope with
nightfall.

"Newton Corner" calls the brakeman,
And I stand before the door
Waiting for it to open.

The car stops,

The door opens.

I climb down to the street, start across.
The light changes.

The street car, the great rattling gaudy
orange-yellow Juggernaut —

Heads into the gloom toward Watertown,
Its tail light, like the tail of a great brute,
Flaunted behind it as it disappears in the
general direction of Watertown.

Octave

by JEAN GARRIS

Strange that if you listened for a while,
the grease snapping on the griddle changed
into an even more familiar sound. And
the cash register just as the drawer auto-
matically popped open on its well oiled
rollers, that "whhisssh." It became an-
other sound too. The plates that the
gum-droppy Greek rapped down on the
counter—that thump—what was it??

He constricted his neck muscles, pull-
ing his chin downward, and his ears felt
as though he had just hit the water from
the high-board. That cleared his head,

and he began to arrange the transfigured
sounds. The grease on the griddle—like
bullets moving so swiftly that there was
no echo. And the little concealed wheels
of the drawer—like the downward rush
of a bomb. The plates—trench mortars
burping leisurely.

That was simple, wasn't it? Every-
thing actually is simple—life and death.
It depended on who you were and where
you were and why you were. It was per-
fectly okay for the Germans to go sow-
ing wild oats all over Europe, but in this
country—gosh! Shot-gun wedding! And
it was okay to strafe indiscriminately the
westward roads, but now, your brakes
fail, and boom! Just like that you're
booked for manslaughter. They teach
you to take and to kill, and then they
take the right away from you.

Next, he inspected the catsup bottle—
the eternal ersatz blood. It sat between
the sugar shaker and the napkin con-
tainer. Blood wasn't much in itself—
Buchenwald, Dachau, Warsaw—the snow
mounds in the Hurtgen that had once
been measured parts of iron, calcium,
water, education and dreams. Blood
wasn't much in itself but that sugar, for
instance, could mean blood in Europe
these days.

Looking into the dingy mirror back-
ing the counter, he saw his reflection. Not
at all startling, the same face it had been
for several years, a little frayed perhaps,
and shop-worn, but pleasing. The eyes
were remarkable—always had been—
pupils dilated even in strong lights, in-
clined to stare far off—everyone had al-
ways noticed it.

He thought of Elaine's eyes, green,
slanty and feline. She would be waking
up about now. She'd be waking up,
stretching like a black cat who had been
asleep in the sun. He hated cats. One
had scratched him when he was a little
boy, and he had held it under the water
in the rain barrel until its soggy body
went limp under his fingers, and its strug-
gling dissolved into a gentle swaying.

That time he had had the right to kill,
just as he had had the right to kill strafing
trains in Bavaria. It depended on who
you were and where you were. Elaine—
well, not as deserving as the cat in the
rain barrel, but blood drawn by the cat
didn't signify much. Skin heals. A
man's heart doesn't . . . that was a nice
way of phrasing it, he thought. Skin
heals, a man's heart doesn't.

Still, if you let the thought persist, he
reflected as he paid his check, it all re-
solved itself into right. Right and wrong
—wrong and right. Pay your money,
take your choice—'t'row 'im a bone. He
laughed suddenly—'t'row 'im a bone! He
hadn't thought of that since he was a
kid—a kid without the four parallel scars
at the base of his thumb. Scars—a cat,
a black cat with green eyes. She should
be taking her bath about now, he thought,
and walked faster up the street.